NUMBER 50

RANDOM CLIPPINGS.

one of the pensions of £2,000 a year which are open to ex-ministers of the

MINISTER PURLES is said to be the best bird shot in Vermont, and when it comes to driving four-in-hand nobody can beat him.

WHITTIER thinks that, besides himself, Elizar Wright and Robert Purvis
are the only surviving signers of the
famous anti-slavery declaration in
1833.

IV.
Merry to such is thrown away,
The rifle-ball is their only pay;
The bas onel-prod and the Gatting-guo.
And the avairy-charge from which they
are the beavest and best thing to be done

THE people of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, make war on the grasshoppers by shooting fireworks off. The method succeeds admirably in driving off the the posts. THE original of Mr. Tope, the verger,

in Dickens' story of "Edwin Drood, is still a verger in Rochester Cathe

but he is not too old, he thinks, to undertake the duties of postmaster at Chelsen, Mass.

W. J. FLORENCE, the actor, bears fifty-six pounds.

humorist, is to have a share in the ownership and management of the new Glen house at the eastern base of Mount Washington.

It is interesting to know, on Capt. Burton's authority, that neither "Alad-treat din and the Wonderful Lamp" nor-"Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" is cral and Meta was her only daughter, to be found in any edition of the true a tail and rather stately brunette of

MAGNOLIA flowers are retailed in the streets of New York as a cent apiece. year that it is difficult to obtain 50 said, and seemed to think that statecents a hundred for them.

THE production of borax on the Pacific coast is so great that the supply exceeds the demand, and the price has fallen since 1882 from 11 cents to 5 cents a pound. The supply of this article in California is practically inex-

aging effect on the apple yield in New York state, and the fruit is dropping from the trees at various points along the Hudson. The prospects are that the crop will be tar below what was the crop will be tar below what was expected in the early part of the season.

"Or in Captain Shaw? And I am sure they both worshiped the ground

Ir is ascertained that the number of you trod on. American women exceeds the entire do that if they would only have abforeign-born population of the country stained from worshiping me," said (both men and women) in the ratio of Meta, lightly. (both men and women) in the ratio of three to one. The suffragists claim this as a point in favor of giving American women the right to protect their homes against the customs of the

resident of Patersonville, Schenectady Meta, rather wearily. county, N. Y., traded his hove for several pot-cheese balls, valued at about 30 cents. When he became sober he tried to get his horse back, and she knew enough of her mother to know that she would not leave her

by a lady for his autograph. Not being in one of his most amiable moods,

were struck while taking refuge under a tree. Both were carried into the house and laid out for dead. One of the men revived, and, after weeks of terrific suffering and infirmity, he got out again, and is still living. He said he knew no more about having been struck by lightning than he was conscious of having lived before the flood. It was all news to him when he was told of the fact.

It is relevated to the late I. B. It is relevated to the flood and the flood and creepers and on southern pastures and on

It is related of the late J. B. Buckstone, the English comedian, that an ambitious author once read a drama to him. The wit and poetry of the dialogue went for nothing. Mean Meta rathered one and put it softly while the embryo Shakspeare listened in vain for a word of commendation from the manager of the Hay market.

Meta gathered one, and put it softly to her lips. "The one flower in the world?" whispered the girl, and then she blushed at her own thoughts, and

manufacturer the uppers were moist I am Margaret?" she asked.
with sweat, the soles dry. The kid leather, when it hardened, was so brittel that it could be torn and crack-led like cance. The destruction that it could be torn and crack-led like cancer. The destruction will here and you still here will be the control of the country of t ed like paper. The destruction

KIT CARSON'S LEGAUY.

Rossini wrote one of his finest operas in bed, and was too lazy to pick up a sheet that had fallen away.

Mr. Childens, it is affirmed, takes

Bi! hi! hi! To the pale face death! Mutilate sons ere their naming breatl Mutilate sons ere their waning breath! Murder mothers, and hades brain! Scatter bullets like pelling rain. And secur away to the bills again!

III,
Bloody Apaches, dev is securat,
a cyclone burst; ther our homes in a cyclone burst; Making widows of fair young wires, Taking inneent children's lives, Gasling loved ones with recking knives.

Guilty friends of that fiendish for Whose traid is wet with the tears of woe, Think what Kit Carson wisely said When he gazed on a settler's gory bed, "An Indian dead?" "An Indian good is an Indian dead?" "David Graham Ales.

JUNE DAISIES.

A Kensington Romance.

dral, and is very proud of his fletitious counterpart.

B. P. Simlarer (Mrs. Partington) has just celebrated his 71st birthday. and the neighborhood of smoke, was so surrounded by trees, and the walls that encircled if were so covered with creepers, that it was difficult to real-ize that it was actually a part of that "Old Court Suburb" which is now a W. J. Flohence, the actor, bears off the salmon-killing palm of the Restigouche region this season, unless someone takes in a bigger fish than lawns; there were stately alleys, planted with quaint shapes of box and yew; an ancient sundial and a moss HENRY C. BARNABER, singer and grown fountain; trim walks through trellised doorways, that led to con-servatories gorgeons with tropical flowers; and shady corners, much appreciated by the young people who came to Lady Mary Hazlewood's garden parties, and that at other times were Meta Haziewood's favorite re-

Lady Mary was the widow of a gentwenty-two, who had been out two or three seasons, and had refused several eligible offers without any very appar-ent reason. Miss Hazlewood did not streets of New York at a cent apiece.

They formerly commanded 2 cents readily, but the supply is so large this to marry her were not to her taste, she

the only point of difference between her mother and herself. Lady Mary would gladis have seen her daughter suitably settled—as, indeed, what mother would not?—but in the long run the girl always had her way.

"Do you want to get rid of me, mamma?" she would ask, with one of haustible.

A Japanese newspaper says the discase called "kakke," hitterto supposed to be wholly Oriental, has appeared in San Francisco and Phila delphia, and that physicians in those places have applied to Japan for advice as to methods of treatment.

The smiles that were and the could be but one answer to such a question. Nevertheless, Lady Mary could not help feeling that her daughter was perverse. The feeling was intensitled just now by an offer from Meta's latest admirer, and by the fact that Lord Castleman seemed likely to fare no better than those who had gone before him.

"I can't understand it, my dear,"

"They would have been welcome to

and you don't seem any more favorably inclined to him."

"I can't help it, mamma." said but the new owner held him to his bargain. He resorted to the law and got the animal.

to know that she would not leave her but the new owner held him to his pet grievance till she had thoroughly bargain. He resorted to the law and got the animal.

So Meta put on her hat and strolled into the garden, the DURING his recent sojourn at Vien shady old world garden that always seemed such a haven of peace and solitude amid the whirl and din of the y a lady for his autograph. Not begin one of his most amiable moods, ubinstein gave her his card instead.

great city. It was here that Meta generally came when her mother's mood was too plaintive or too loqua-Undaunted by this rebuff, the lady clous, not railing against the kindly Undanned by this rebuil, the lady next applied to Liszt for his autograph. Liszt saw his colleague's card in her hand, took it, and wrote under Rubinstein's name, "and his admiror, F. Liszt."

Liszt."

LIGHTNING does its work before the victim knows anything. Two men were struck while taking refuge un
Meta's life that had seemed greener and sweeter than it had ever seemed since. That was five years ago now—that one mouth of Meta's life that had seemed to Lady

ance in southern pastures and on breezy cliffs by the sen, but that need-

she blushed at her own thoughts, and fastened the flower in her girdle, and told herself it was folly, and worse replied Buckstone, "I dare say the company will be very pleased with it, but I am waiting till I enter. You don't expect a hen to cackle over another hen's eggs, do you?"

The peculiar acid which exudes from the pores of the body acts directly upon leather, and takes the "life" out, rendering it stiff and hard. In a pair of shoes recently returned to a manufacturer the uppers were moist with sweat, the soles dry. The kid "If you like. Or because they are

was caused by perspiration of the feet. New shoes from the same maker and of the same material were perfectly sound and firm.

when I come back, I wonder? Will the daisies bloom year after year, in spite of fogs and smoke? And you, Margaret, will you be here, in spite of all the suitors who will try to win and wear the Marguerite that is the one flower in the world for me? She did

not answer for a moment. See was only seventeen, and with Robin Lind-say, at least, she was curiously shy. And then, before she could speak, he caught her hands in his. "Don't an-

caught her hands in his. "Don't answer dear," he said: "I had no right to ask. I will not bind you by a to ask. I will not bind you by a single word. Only give me a flower for old love's sake. It pledges you to nothing, but I may be glad to have it if I come back some day and find no daisies here."

"One daisy will be here." said Meta softly—so suffly that nechans he did

softly—so softly that perhaps he did not hear, or perhaps he would not. Robin Lindsay had no fortune but his profession, but he was a Scots-man, and as proud as he was poor. It seemed to him a baseness to try to win a pledge from this fair young cousin of his, whose mother looked so much higher for her, and to

waiting.

The waiting and the burden of separation and doubt and anxiety should be his, and not hers, he told himself; and go he went away and left her free. not understanding that her freedom was a heavier burden than them all. He only wrote once, a formal letter to Lady Mary, acknowledging her hospitality, that somehow found its way among Meta's treasures; but every year there came a Christmas card adorned with white Marguerite

card adorned with white Marguerite daisies, and bearing an Indian postmark and the initials R. L.

That was all; just such Christmas cards as any one might have sent, pretty tokens of counsily remembrance that might be the emptlest of compliments; but Meta flushed into trembling dailed a care them, and hid them.

ling delight over them, and hid them away as a misor hides his gold.

And Lady Mary, looking kindly at a her daughter, with the anexpected acumen which otherwise foolish won sometimes display in matters of heart, thought to berself that if Meta had not been such a child when Robin Lindsay went away, she might have fancied there had been some "nonceense" between the cousins when they wandered so long in the garden those soft June evenings live

missed the next instant as too unlikely for serious reflection, but it came back to Lady Mary with startling vivoluses this fair June morning as sh to the garden in search of Meta, and tound her standing by the daisies with eyes that were luminous and tender and sad. The golden bosses, surrounded with pearly shafts of white, sud-denly recalled the Christmas cards that had borne them in every variety of dainty devices. And when Mary looked at her daughter with un conscious appear and questioning, she knew, with a thrill of unwelcome con viction, that the girl's eyes fell before her own. Was this it—this—that Meta, her proud, unapproachable Meta, was only proud and unapproachable be e she was already won, and won

either claudestinely or anwoodd² Either supposition seemed a dese-eration to Meta's mother, with Meta standing before her in her proud young beauty: only the daisies made a back ground to her thoughts, an unacknowl-edged arriere pensoe that had its share n determining her speech.
"Do you know that Lord Castleman.

s coming for his answer this morn-ng?" she asked with an attempt at everity of demeanor that was not too successful. What are you going to say to him, my dear?" "Won't you see him, mamma? You will say 'No' so much more gracious!"

than I should

"Hut need it be 'No,' Meta?"
"What else can it be?" said Meta,

twenty-two.

Five years! Was it likely that the five-years-old story could seem anything but a boy and girl romance to Robin Lindsay now? That was the nestion that the daisies had been askthat they had already asked her than once as the empty years went by, and Robin Lindsay gave no sign of claiming "the one flower in the world for him."

"Need it be 'No," Meta?" said her mother once more. "Lord Castleman is well born, distinguished, a polished

gentleman, and an apright man. What fault can you find in him?"
"None," said Meta, wearily. She thought that life would have been easier to her if her suitors had been a little less unexceptionable. "Then, my dear, why do you not ac

the natural conclusion when a girl behaves as you do?"
"Yes," said Meta, hastily. "The

natural conclusion, the only conclu-sion, is that she likes her home and her mother too well to leave them

Lady Mary put aside the flattery with lofty indifference. "The natural conclusion is that there is some one she likes better—or fancies she does." said the mother considerate-ly changing the form of expression as she saw the sudden flame in Meta's cheeks. It faded as quickly as it had and Meta said steadily come, and Meta said steadily—
"That is not the case with me, mam-

It was not a willful untruth. Her her, or thought of her only as a consin, and nothing could therefore be more evident to Margaret Hazelwood than that her own feelings must have undergone a similar change.

"I am relieved to hear it," said Lady

Mary. 'I had really begun to won-der—absurd as it seems—if there could have been anything between you and "No! oh no!" cried Meta vehement-

ly. "How could you think so, mam-ma, when he has—never—" She stop-ped, afraid of her own voice. What was she going to do? To falter and break down before her mother—to be-tray the weakness that had robbed her rirlhood of its brightness, and that girlhood of its brightness, and that instead of being conquered as she had believed, seemed ready to overwhelm her now with a sudden despairing shame? She paused a moment, steadying herself against the garden seat, and then she said with a nervous little laugh—"How could you be so absurd, mamma? I should have thought you knew me better than that." The two women were both too much excited to notice outside things. It came upon them both with a little shock, when a

page appeared before them and an-nounced that Lord Castleman was in the drawing room.
"I will come," said Lady Mary ner-

vously, and then she looked at her daughter.

"My dear, what shall I say. You will not sacrifice your prospects— your happinesss—"

"My happiness is not in question, mamma," said Meta proudly, "You can send Lord Castleman to me."

Lady Mary did not venture to ask ny more. She kissed her daughter, any more. She kissed her daughter, and went off to her guests, rejoicing. Meta would not have sent for him only to reject him, she felt sure. And as for the doubts which the daisies had suggested, if Lady Mary did not believe her daughter's protestations as entirely as Meta would have wished, she believed in the healing power of time and the evanescent nature of human emotions, with a fullness of conviction that Meta herself would probably never attain to. She turned for a moment and looked at the girl's white clad figure with tender ma-ternal pride, and then she went on to the house and into the drawing room, glowing with satisfaction and good

Lord Castleman was standing by the table with a face tha was becoming anxious and grave, but he flushed into eager anticipation as Lady Mary came

into the room.

"You bring me good tidings." dwellin he cried joyfully. "I see it in your four to

thing I should like to show you changes, first. Tweive

She took from her pocket a faded leather case, and opened if with fingers that trembled a little in spite of her efforts to keep them still. Inside were the Christmas cards with the pretty frosted daisies, and the robins.

He understood now, and his crow lowered ominously. He was all Lady Marv had called him—he was well born and distinguished, a polished gentleman and an upright man, but gentleman, and an upright man, but he was not large souled. The confes-sion that Meta had made, with a pain is filled with them. Endless bands with

He went away with his head in the air, knocking over his chair in his agitation, and Meta was conscious of a very unheroic feeling of relief. To please her mother and to save her and, as a rule, they are healthy and please her mother, and to save her own pride, she had brought herself to think that she might accept Lord Cas-tleman, but the sense of relief showed "What else can it be?" said Meta, rather drearily.

The daisies were an unconscious background to her thoughts also. The daisies that had brought only happy memories and golden dreams to the girl in her teens, had come to have quite other meanings for the woman of twenty-two.

The streams of roping come down through the spouts, and are guided by through the spouts, and are guided by through the spouts, and are guided by cirls into sheet-iron barrels that can be wheeled to the spinning machines can spin it when everything is ingood working order, and piles of singood working order, and piles of some twenty-two.

The streams of roping come down through the spouts, and are guided by cirls into sheet-iron barrels that can be wheeled to the spinning machines can spin it when everything is ingood working order, and piles of south sea and West India shells and the spinning machines can spin it when everything is ingood working order, and piles of south sea and West India shells and the spinning machines.

South sea and West India shells are wheeled to the spinning machines can spin it when everything is ingood working order, and piles of south sea and west India shells are the spinning machines.

The streams of roping come down through the spouts, and are guided by cirls into sheet-iron barrels that can be wheeled to the spinning machines.

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The streams of roping come down through the spouts, and are guided by cirls into sheet-iron barrels that can be wheeled to the spinning machines.

South sea and West India shells are the spinning that and the whole are the spinning that the spinning are the spinning that the spinning that the spinning are the spinning that the s which Lord Castleman had neither

part nor lot.

The opening of the garden door roused her at last. And then-for life is sometimes kinder to us than our deserts or our imaginings—she lifted the walk—some one whose coming her own pride had come near to making a curse instead of a blessing. For the some one was Robin Lindsay, come back at last to explain his long absence, and the untoward fortune that had till now made it impossible for him to come and ask for the Margaret who was still to him "the one flower

Abe Buzzard as a Prison Reformer. I have been nine years in different prisons and I am convinced that the ystem of punishment is entirely false. dany are convicted of crimes which bey never committed, and others that are guilty are sentenced for term o feed them revenge and to associate to feed them revenge and to associate them with all classes of men, to add wickedness to their wicked designs, and to lay plans for future crimes. For what is the poor criminal to do after years of imprisonment on the expiration of his time, turned out from the prison gate without money, clothes, reputation, or friends, and with no settled point of destination? But, like a ship tossed on the raging billows, is the poor convict cast on a cold, bitter world, to be beaten about on the vast sea of life, and at lest substitute the sea of life, and at lest substitute the sea of life. world, to be beaten about on the vast sea of life, and at last, exhausted in body, distracted in mind, and sick at heart, he is led to this last resort—to commit another crume, that the poor, tired, shipwrecked frame may drift back within the gloomy prison wall, his only home. The only way to put an end to this evil is to do away with limited sentences, political and monlimited seatences, political and mon-eyed influences, and to appoint a com-mittee of Christain men to visit the prison and the prisoners, and when they conclude that a man has become mittee of Christain men to visit the prison and the prisoners, and when they conclude that a man has become repentant let them be empowered to release him. But if he should again commit a crime, then let limited sentences deal hard with him. Let there be sympathy for a man at his first downfall and not wait until he has become a hero in crime. If the public had shown me the sympathy at the beginning of my wild career that they do at the present time I would have been a reformed man long ago. If the men who are now fed revenge by unjust laws were shown sympathy and the men who are now fed revenge by ropes or cables. Very little change has been made there in the half century. The machinery is crude, but respectable members of society, and the enormous expenses on the county would soon relax into insignificance, and instead of building a new jail the old one would. would soon relax into insignificance, and instead of building a new jall the old one would have ample room for the limited sentenced criminals, and for the inmates of Bummers' hall, now occupying one room, huddled together like so many pigs in a pen, exposed to the intense heat of summer and the cold blasts of winter.—Letter to Language New Erg.

oaster New Era. In Guatemala biscuits pass as currency. The people of Guatemala evidently believe in

HOW ROPE IS MADE. The Wonderful Improvements of the

Past Half Century. the Hanks to the Cable-One Girl. Now Doing the Work of Eight Men

-Making a Monster Cable.

Rope-making is not what it used to nd where one man could comb one bale of hemp one machine can now comb seventy-five bales. The product of the largest repewalk in the United States is one hundred and fifty tensor with sixteen tons when it was built, lifts six years ago. This ropewalk is in Bushwick, and in the bail is dury it has made the fortunes of five men. Bushwick was lifty years ago a small Long Island hamlet. To-day its boundaries are merged into the East-ern District of Brooklyn. Not many years ago a grove surrounded the rope-walk. To-day it is surrounded by walk. To-day it is surrounded by dwelling houses. Fifty-five years ago four horses furnished the motive power. To-day a five hundred and tifty "She will see you." said Lady Mary, beaming with smiles. "You will find her in her favorite corner by the conservatories."

"It averaged her hand, and went, sees the conservatories is a see that the same appearance for forty years or more. Of her in her favorite corner by the versel her in her favorite corner by the versel her hand, and went, seeing everything a little mistily through the sudden dazale of new hope, but pleading his cause with as much humility as though he had not just seen Lady Mary, and drawn his own deductions from the encouraging between the control of interview.

And Metasat with downcast eyes, and listened to his tale in a silonce le feit to be still more-encouraging but when he would have taken her hand she drew it back.

"Wait," she said, "there is something I should like to show you.

her efforts to keep them still. Inside were the Christmas cards with the pretty frosted dasides, and the robins that used to be so seldom absent from Christmas cards, but that had, perhaps a special reference in these, and with them a letter that was a little frayed about the edges now.

Lord Castleman stared, as he might perhaps be excused for doing.

In the banks is the first process in rope making. Men do it. The banks are unbound and tossed one side wire men stand ready to plex them up and oil them. The oiling machines are large revolving drains of wood that absorb and held the oil kept in the tronglis below. They are enclosed in wooden boxes, each with a hole about as large as half an ordinary window. Taking a hank, an oiler spreads it, out perhaps be excused for doing.

"What are these?" he said. "Pardon me: I don't understand."

"It was very foolish- and it was all It clings and is drawn upward, but befive years ago," faltered Meta, "but I fore the end is reached the man draws hought you ought to know.

He understood now, and his brow the fiber has been offed. From the oil sion that Meta had made, with a pain he could not even understand, moved him to no generous sympathy; it only wounded his vanity and stung his pride. He took the cards and the lefter from her, and tore them into a thousand pieces, and then he turned upon his heel.

"Miss Hazlewood, I have the honor to wish you good morning," he said, with a stiff little bow. "I appreciate your cander, but you will understand spinning machines.

your candor, but you will understand that a Castleman does not care to be second to any other man."

The day happened to be Saturdary, and every young girl in the building second to any other man."

He went away with his head in the for Sanday. The noisy rattle of the for Sanday. The noisy rattle of the chines becomes soun yarn. The conti-ing, straightening and spinning used to be done by hand. "I have soun by hand many a ton of it," said the sup-

intendent.
One room is called the waste room, and to it goes the waste from all the rooms. The waste is combed and blown until the good fibers are saved and spin into yarn for twine. The dust in the room is as thick as a fog in never seriously damaged any part of the building. Many machines are used in spinning and balling harvesting twine which is extensively used in the West. Hundred-ton orders for it are osting as the machinery for spinning and balling small cordage, although the former are run by girls. The latter machines are squatty and noisy, and can be compared to as many extremely lively bull dogs using all their in order that its mechanism might be shown. When quiet its ingenious arrangements can be appreciated, but when in motion it is the worst thing in the world to fool with. It will tear off an arm or a leg as quick as a

substantial, the stanchious, beams and braces being of roughly hewn wood. Some of the workmen are old and weather-beaten, and seem to belong to the machinery. The bobbins of spun yarn are placed upright on iron pins on a series of shelves. The ends of the shelves are drawn together and put through the holes of a gauge plate, from which they go to an iron tube board, the size of the hole being gauged by the size of the rope to be made. Ninety-eight threads make a six-inch cable, and with all these threads to attend to at the gauge

friction of the threads going through the tube makes the iron so hot that the hand can not be kept on it. After be-ing drawn through the tube, the end of what is now a strand is attached to a hook in the former, an apright machine on wheels that runs on a track

plate a rope maker is kept busy. The

at full length of the ropewalk. The hook revolves rapidly and makes the twist in the strand. The former is drawn along by ropes, and as it moves away from the gauge plates arms are swing out from pillars along the track to hold up the strand from the floor. The former travels slowly, but with a good deal of whirring, to the upper end of the track. The strand is then attached, with as many others as necessary, to hooks-in another former on another track, forming the rope. About one hundred sizes of rope are made, running from one-sixteenth of an inch to twenty-four inches in diam-eter. The length of large rope is gen-erally 1,000 feet, and the largest rope made nowadays is fifteen to eighteen inches, and no large rope is made ex-cept to order. Cordage of all sizes was in the storeroom awaiting ship

ment, and the big cables were colled and bound as neatly as thread on a spool. Superintendent Stewart pointed out its perfection with as much admiration as he must have had for his first cable. he said, to hand the Henry Clay off the heach with. The old gen-theman was bound to get her off, and he sent word on Saturday morning to have the cable ready by Monday morning. He said I couldn't make it without working Sunday, and I didn't propose to then. The old gentleman wouldn' stand any nonsense, you know, and I knew it, but he knew me well-enough to believe that if I said I would have the cable ready it would e ready. I told him I would have the cable ready, and that he needn't worry himself about it. Well, we went to work as we had never worked before.

man did a stroke of work on Sunday but at midnight the full force was not on again, and on Monday foremon the cable was going away on carts—five of 'em. It was one hundred and thirty fathoms long, and the old gentlemar gave me credit for doing a good job." New York Sun.

"The business is about as dead as I am," said a white-harred dealer in old style brie-a-brac. The place was a second floor front, on the Bowery. used as both store and living roon "Fifty years ago there was lots of money in it, but there's none now. We can't compete with machinery and new-fangled notions. Here s a samp-lar, appropriately framed. The field is white silk, and on it is worked in black sitk floss a tomb, a willow, and a be-reaved husband. You see the inscrip-tion is worked with a coarser and tion is worked with a coarser looser stitch than all the rest. I enables the owner to pick it out and have some other name inserted. It are bused to take three weeks hard work tags by a first-rate sewing woman to make fore, and it would fetch from \$15 to \(\chi_1\). gant mortuary, as we call this sort of thing, made from his deceased wife's air. On cardbeard it didn't cost uch, but on silk it was expensive, ow did we make the hairs lie flat? We soaked them in hot water, and fromed the whole thing with a very hot, heavy flatiron. The samplar hot, heavy flatiron. The sampla showed you I sold in 1842 for \$30. bought it back at an auction last week

would bring in the old days from 20 cents to 81 apiece. To-day you can have that case there, containing 250 good ones, for \$20, case and all, and the case cost \$12.

"Corals were all the go in the old.

times. The high-toned folks wanted skeleton coral, because they thought it grew that way. But it didn't. We'd take a branch of cheap coral and put it in a pan or trough and cover it with and spin into yarn for twine. The dust in the room is as thick as a fog in the dog days, and how any one can work and live there for any length of time is a mystery. The danger from fire is strikingly apparent, but fire has never seriously damaged any part of white or stain it red with cochineal. dry it, and mount it in a glass case. The wives of old sea captains and shipping merchants were our best-ens-tomers. Another popular class of or-naments were carved ivory and ebony articles from China and Japan. These cost then, as now, a good deal in the tained another, and so on to twenty bigger than beans, but beautifully carved. The late Sam Bradford Fales had a number of them in his collec-tion in Philadelphia, and I believe there are samples in the Barlow, Gar-rett, Packer, and Green collections.

But I never see them nowadays.
"Then there were the relies: Pieces
of wood from the favorite war ships of America and England, and bullets bayonets, and pieces of shot and shell from famous battlefields. These paid well, because we could always make hand. The demand for them is not quite dead yet. Then, in the old days, people liked horrors to ornament their pariors with—the ropes with which eriminals were hung, the knives and pistols with which murders were com-mitted, and the jimmies and picklocks of celebrated thieves. Women were just as crazy for such things as men, and paid very high prices, for those times, for some particularly bad weapon. But there's no use of complaining. Chromos, modern bric-a-brac, and domestic art have killed my Tobacco as a Disinfectant.

"There is a general impression that tobacco is a disinfectant," was said to an up town physician. "If you go into a place where the air is rank or laden with obnoxious vapors," said the physician, "tobacco smoke will aid even if it is no less rank. But if the tobacco itself becomes tainted, or contains any poisonous substance, you will discover that it is just as good a transmitter as anything else. A cigarholder would enable a man to escape a

noider would enable a man to escape a good many of the penalties that all smokers incur, and I tried it for a time. I discovered however, that the holder became a nuisance to my patients, and so I again began smoking my cigars in the old way."—Neso York Sun.

Gathered at Random From Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's New Book. No secret of hydraulies could cause cradie.

a dewdrop to hang upon a rose leaf in

thou and I, a vast congregation of most

An acorn in the mind is worth more than an oak forest at the end of the again. Widows never cease to be artful.

not to be than to be somebody in particular. "That stolen it is because they are taken sirup-

So fine an irony has history, that that which makes the shame of its wives makes the glory of its kings.

Manners are made in the market where they are sold, and their buying and selling are mostly unconsidered.

It is because they are taken siruptitiously."

A poetess sighs: "I sit all alone," If she would stop writing she might have more company.

A Salem chap, who has been fined. ing and selling are mostly uncon-

creatures str divine as the gift of rec-ognition, for it touches upon the cre-

To be dramatic, and at the same we shall time accurate, is a rare combination. If the one is gift the other is grace.

If the one is gift the other is grace.

We can do no braver or better thing than to bring our best thoughts to the everyday market. They will yield us thus season."

It makes a man who has taken his best girl to the seasone rather incredulous to read that "Money is remarkably slow this season." everyday market. They will yield us

Milton's sublime audacity of faith acretes the ponderous craft of his verse and keeps it from sinking into the always of theological pestantry.

Our lives are not laid out in vast. Our lives are not laid out in vast, vague prairies, but in definite do-mestic door yards, within which we are to exercise and develops our facul-

that history reneats itself. It does re-peat itself, because it repeats its fac-tors—the men and women who com-

The mother makes the man per-haps but the wife manufactures him. Sometimes the wife in her manufac-ture contirms the making of the mother, sometimes counteracts it.

the weeping, not the tear wept, that gives relief. The humanity of each of us is like

among all His creatures is the plan of the only maker of plans whose plans never fail in the least jot or tittle. He

has reserved to Himself the power to give without receiving. Human history is nothing but one coaseless flow of cause into effect, and of effect into cause. There is nothing but which is consequent. You and I are but the consequents of a vast tangle of antecedents in all time be-

Ages.) A tunnel of time, 1,080 years cheap at home. Mr. Brown—yes, I long, through which humanity rumbled blindly in an emigrant train, terday afternoon. the last saylicates one end, the empire flaring up at one end, the passes the time reading the first sunbeams of the Renaissance admiring the bouquets se between the no-account period of

other name might smell as sweet; but a lily, if reel-istened rose, would never diffuse the rose's odor, nor gain, in addition to its own spotless per fections, the deep hearted sorvery o that enchanting, crompled wonder, which we thrill in touching, as if it, too, had nerves, and blood, and a human heart-a row!

(A picture of Joan of Arc.) A litsoldiers from the gates of Orleans; two faithful feet on fagots at Rouen; a radiant face uplifted to the beckon-

to comprehend, beyond our power to destroy. It is well for us who are so blind to the rose color in our daily lives to be forced to acknowledge its existence in the imperishable canvass. son I ever read of was ever rescued until he was going down for a third practical as we are, to be compelled there, at least, to confront the romantic and the heroic.

the snake is that it can and does whistle and sing like a young mockingbird. In general appearance it is like
the ordinary snake, except its head is
shaped somewhat like a pug-dog. It
is four feet long, and the largest part
of its body is tour and a quarter
inches in circumference. When it
whistles or sings it makes a series of
iumps like a frog. jumps like a frog.

The head snake professor of the

It is easid of the Chicago girl that when she taints away she throws a third of herself upon the ground. The other two thirds are already there—Boston Budget.

PASSING EVENTS.

The original Plymouth Rock-The oscilliation of a Pilgrim Father's first

What is regarded as inspiration by toule.
I never knew a good man or a good insanity.

woman who was not practically an op-imist.

The past is simply humanity. It is shows plainly who wants kissing the A Connecticut widow, aged 104, has

"Why is it," she asked, "that stolen

ng and selling are mostly uncon-cious.

A Salem chap, who has been fined \$10 for kissing a girl, says that fond as he is of flowers he isn't buying any Cossaek cavalry are called "Sons of

the Wind. When this becomes known we shall probably hear congressmen referred to as Cossack cavalry.

this season.

Hangry-looking Trainp to Timid Fisherman—How long since you had a bite? Timid Fisherman—About two hours. Trainp—I have not had a bite in two days. Ain't it time for us to in two days. Ain have some lunch?

A farmer near Auburn, N. Y., was notified of the Jeath of his daughter and the hour of her burial. He sent word that he could not possibly attend the funeral as he was busy boeing a Music boxes, which cost \$20 twenty

years ago, can now be purchased for 85. And yet the cry of "hard times" is still abroad in the land. Some folks The born poet has no agony in the deliverance of his song. The attering is to him that seeding balm which the atterance is to the reader. It is.

She and yet the cry of "hard times" is still abroad in the land. Some folks would complain of the "cost of living" if pianos were selling for \$2 apiece.

The panelty of original wittelson in The pancity of original witticism in

And the homeon of the some welfar hard green and laid down tenderly by Him on the sea shore, where "Pa," asked little Johnny, "do they always have an inquest when anybody dies?" Intelligent Parent—Oh, no, my son! When a doctor has been attending a person there is no need of an inquest. It is only necessary where an inquest. It is only necessary where there is any doubt as to the cause of

death. Baron Tennyson has three homes This is the difference between the poet laureate and the American poets who build verses for patent medicine. There may be another difference, but it cannot be detected in the quality of their respective productions evolved during the past two or three years

ceaten, and disjointed as to need repose before you can be conscions of refreshment. In these days of chis and quick and, when agnosticism rears its stone all in front of faith, and writes man black letters the

and, when agnosticism users upon call in front of faith, and writes upon the all of all knowing, the unknowable, we have no need to know where God is to confirm our faith in him.

Are arroneous notion of the Middle she could have purchased just as the could have p

Claverius, the Richmond murderer, sympathizing friends outside of the He also receives presents of fruit. His relatives write to him to cheer up, but the advice is needlers, as he wears a broad grin most of the ne. He cats heartily and sleeps well

The Los Angeles Herald describes a specimen of the vampire family recently caught there: 'This hug specimen measured twenty inche from tip to tip of his wings, and was pretty well armed with teeth and claws. His head was as large as the claws. His head was as large as the heads of four or five ordinary bat heads combined, and well hooded with two cars fully as large as a half-dellar. His majesty was as vicious and warlike as a sorption or tarantula when confined, and his bite would

aradiant face uplifted to the occasiing skies; a crucifix upheld in shriveling, flame-kissed hands; a wreath of
smoke for shrond; a wrack of smoke
for pall, a heap of askes, and—a franchised soul!

In this scientific age—this age of
teonoclasm—it is greatly good for us
to confront things rich, rare, out-oflatter looked at his rescuer in a belatter looked at his rescuer in a belatter looked at his rescuer seeching manner and gasped:

Whistling and Singing Snake.

A snake of a very rare kind is now at the Smithsonian institution, Washington. It came there on Friday, having been captured near the famous Buck Horn wall, on the line of the Baltimore and Onio raliroad, near Deer Park, Md. The peculiarity of Deer Park, Md. The peculiarity of the isthat it can and does whisyoung mocking young mocking a joint of the isthat it can and does whishe is that it can and does whishe it is like the mosquary which is that the mosquary was the mosquary which is that the mosquary was the condition of the mosquary was the condition of the can and the condition of the mosquary was the conditio

The head snake professor of the Smithsonian institution is now at Wood's Holl, Mass, and it will probably be sent there for his examination and classification. It is in shape and color altogether different from the African singing snakes, and besides issues a louder and more harmonic sound of whistle than is recorded of any of the classes of snakes that are found in the East Indies. A similar character of snake is said in the books to be frequently seen on the island of Sumatra. So far this is the first singing or whistling snake that has been found in this constry. The man who caught it supposed he was chasing a young mocking-bird.—Cor. New York Herald.

It is said of the Chicago girl that when she inline away she throws a third of herself upon the ground. The other two thirds are already there —Boston Budget. "What does your beau do for a liv-